I runne before King Harries victorie,
Who in a bloudy field by Shrewsbury,
Hath beaten downe yong Hot-spurre and his troopes,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion,
Euen with the rebels bloud. But what meane I
To speake so true at first? my office is
To noyse abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell
Vnder the wrath of noble Hot-spurs sword,
And that the King before the Douglas rage,
Stoopt his annointed head as low as death.
This haue I rumour'd through the peasant townes,
Betweene that royall field of Shrewsbury,
And this worme-eaten hole of ragged stone,
When Hot-spurs father old Northumberland
Lies crafty sicke, the postes come tyring on,
And not a man of them brings other newes,
Than they haue learnt of me, from Rumors tongues,
They bring smooth comforts false, worse then true wrongs.
exit Rumours.

Enter the Lord Bardolfe at one doore.

Bard. Who keepes the gate here ho? where is the Earle?
Porter What shall I say you are?
Bard. Tell thou the Earle,
That the Lord Bardolfe doth attend him heere.
Porter His Lordship is walkt forth into the orchard,
Please it your honor knocke but at the gate,
And he himselfe will answer. *Enter the Earle Northumberland.*
Bard. Here comes the Earle.
Earle. What newes Lord Bardolfe? euery minute now
Should be the father of some Stratagem,
The times are wild, contention like a horse,
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And beares downe all before him.
Bard. Noble Earle,
I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsbury.
Earle Good, and God will.

Bard.

Bard. As good as heart can wish:
The King is almost wounded to the death,
And in the fortune of my Lord your sonne,
Prince Harry slaine outright, and both the Blunts
Kild by the hand of Dowglas, yong prince Iohn,
And Westmerland and Stafford fled the field,
And Harry Monmouthes brawne, the hulke sir Iohn,
Is prisoner to your sonne: O such a day!
So fought, so followed, and so fairely wonne,
Came not till now to dignifie the times
Since Cæsars fortunes.
Earle How is this deriu'd?
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?
Bar. I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence, *enter*
A gentleman well bred, and of good name, *Trauers.*
That freely rendred me these newes for true.
Earle Here comes my seruant Trauers who I sent
On tuesday last to listen after newes.
Bar. My lord, I ouer-rode him on the way,
And he is furnisht with no certainties,
More then he haply may retale from me.
Earle Now Trauers, what good tidings comes with you?
Trauers My lord, sir Iohn Vmfreuile turnd me backe
With ioyfull tidings, and being better horst,
Out rode me, after him came spurring hard,
A gentleman almost forespent with speede,
That stopt by me to breathe his bloudied horse,
He askt the way to Chester, and of him
I did demand what newes from Shrewsbury,
He told me that rebellion had bad lucke,
And that yong Harrie Percies spur was cold:
With that he gaue his able horse the head,
And bending forward, strooke his armed heeles,
Against the panting sides of his poore iade,
Vp to the rowell head, and starting so,
He seem'd in running to deuoure the way,

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